



T H E

117/3 ppp.62

W I N T E R ' S
T A L E .

By *Mr.* W I L L I A M S H A K E S P E A R .



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. T O N S O N , and the rest of the P R O -
P R I E T O R S ; and sold by the Bookfellers of
London and Westminster.

M. D C C . X X X V .

Dramatis Personæ.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*
Polixenes, *King of Bohemia.*
Mamillus, *Young Prince of Sicilia.*
Florizel, *Prince of Bohemia.*
Camillo,
Antigonus, } *Sicilian Lords.*
Cleomines, }
Dion,
Archidamus, *a Bohemian Lord.*
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Autolicus, *a Rogue.*

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*
Perdita, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*
Mopsa, } *Shepherdesses.*
Dorcas, }

Goaler, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and Attendants.

SCENE, *partly in Sicilia, and partly in Bohemia.*

The Plot taken from the old Story-book of Doraftus and Faunia.



T H E
W I N T E R ' S T A L E .

A C T I .

SCENE, A PALACE.

Enter Camillo, and Archidamus.

ARCHIDAMUS.



If you shall chance, *Camillo*, to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia* and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us: we will be justified in our loves; for indeed ———

Cam. 'Beseech you ———

Arch. Verily I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say—we will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses (unintelligent of our insufficiency) may, tho' they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

4 *The WINTER'S TALE.*

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot shew himself over-kind to *Bohemia*; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society; their incounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied with entercchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, tho' absent; shook hands, as over a vast sea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed winds. The heav'ns continue their loves.

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillus*: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child, one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Can. Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillus, Polixenes,
and Camillo.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burthen, time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks,
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one *we thank you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow:

I'm question'd by my fears of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly: besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One sev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in
that

I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Prefs me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'r'h' world
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now
Were there necessity in your request, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace,
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay; you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure
All in *Bohemia's* well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong;
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence, I'll adventure [To *Polixenes*.
The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good heed, *Leontes*;
I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

6 *The WINTER'S TALE.*

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not verily.

Her. Verily?

You put me off with limber vows; but I,
 Tho' you would seek t'unsphere the stars with oaths,
 Should yet say, Sir, no going: verily
 You shall not go; a lady's verily is
 As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
 Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
 Not like a guest? so you shall pay your fees
 When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
 My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
 One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, Madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offending;
 Which is for me less ealie to commit,
 Than you to punish.

Her. Not your goaler then,
 But your kind hostess; come, I'll question you
 Of my lord's tricks and yours, when you were boys:
 You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. ~~Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,~~
~~But such a day to-morrow as to-day,~~
~~And to be boy eternal.~~

Her. Was not my lord
 The verier wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th' fun,
 And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
 Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
 The doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd
 That any did: had we pursu'd that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
 Boldly, *not guilty*; th'imposition clear'd,
 Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
 You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
 Temptations have since then been born to's; for
 In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;

Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot :

Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet go on,
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet ?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request he would not :

Hermione, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never ?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't be-
fore?

I pr'ythee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things; one good deed, dying tongue-los's,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages. You may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to th' goal:
My last good deed was to intreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were *Grace*.
But once before I spake to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sowr'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thy self my love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. 'Tis grace indeed,
Why lo you now; I've spoke to th' purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th' other, for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot—— [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me——my heart dances,

8 *The WINTER'S TALE.*

But not for joy——not joy——this entertainment
 May a free face put on; derives a liberty
 From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
 And well becomes the Agent? 't may, I grant;
 But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,
 As now they are, and making practis'd similes
 As in a looking-glass——and then to sigh, as 'twere
 The most o'th' deer; oh, that is entertainment
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows —— *Mamillus*,
 Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks!

Why that's my bawcock; what? has't smutch'd thy
 nose?

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
 We must be neat; nor neat, but cleanly, captain;
 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
 Are all call'd neat. Still virginaling

[*Observing Polixenes and Hermione.*

Upon his palm——how now, you wanton calf!
 Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I
 have,

To be full like me. Yet they say we are
 Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
 That will say any thing; but were they false,
 As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false
 As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
 No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
 To say this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,
 Look on me with your welking eye, sweet villain.
 Most dear'st, my collop——can thy dam? may't be——
 Imagination! thou dost stab to th'center.
 Thou dost make possible things not be so held,
 Communicat'st with dreams——how can this be
 With what's unreal? thou coactive art,
 And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent
 Thou may'st co-join with something, and thou dost,
 And that beyond commission, and I find it,
 And that to the infection of my brains,
 And hardning of my brows.

The WINTER'S TALE. 9

Pol. What means *Sicilia* ?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How ? my lord ?

Leo. What cheer ? how is it with you, my best brother ?

Her. You look as if you held a brow of much distraction.

Are you mov'd, my lord ?

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly !
Its tendernefs ! and make it self a pastime
To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines,
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty three years, and saw my self unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous ;
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for mony ?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will ! why happy man be's dole. My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, Sir,

' He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter ;
' Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
' My parasite, my soldier, states-man, all ;
' He makes a *July's* day short as *December*,
' And with his varying childishness, cures in me
' Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me : we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione*,
How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome.
Let what is dear in *Sicily* be cheap :
Next to thy self, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'th' garden : shall's attend you there ?

Leo. To your own bents dispose you ; you'll be found,

10 *The WINTER'S TALE.*

Be you beneath the sky: I am angling now,
 Tho' you perceive me not how I give line;
 Go to, go to. [*Aside, observing Her.*
 How she holds up the neb! the bill to him!
 And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exe. Polix. Her. and attendants. Manent Leo.
 Mam. and Cam.*

To her allowing husband. Gone already!
 Ineh thick, knee deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one.
 Go play, boy, play ——— thy mother plays, and I
 Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
 Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
 Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play ——— there
 have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now?
 And many a man there is, even at this present,
 Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
 That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
 Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
 Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
 As mine, against their will. Should all despair
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of Mankind
 Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none:
 It is a baudy planet, that will strike
 Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it.
 From east, west, north and south, be it concluded,
 No barricado for a belly. Know't,
 It will let in and out the enemy,
 With bag and baggage: many thousand of's
 Have the disease, and feel't nor. How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why that's some comfort.

What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go play, *Mamillus* ——— thou'rt an honest
 man, [*Ex. Mamil.*

Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
 When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions made;

The WINTER'S TALE. II

His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding
Sicilia is a so-forth; 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. How came'r, *Camillo*,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't; good should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary; lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfie your highness, and th' entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfie?

Th' entreaties of your mistress? satisfie? ———
Let that suffice. I've trusted thee, *Camillo*,
With all the things nearest my heart, as well
My chamber-counsels, wherein, priest like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord.

Leo. To bide upon't; thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'it that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game plaid home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest,

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful,

In every one of these no man is free,
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
 Sometime puts forth in your affairs, my lord.
 If ever I were wilful negligent,
 It was my folly; if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
 Is never free of. But beseech your grace
 Be plainer which me, let me know my trespass
 By its own visage; if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha'not you seen *Camillo*?

(But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard?
 (For to a vision so apparent, rumour
 Cannot be mute) or thought (for cogitation
 Resides not in that man that does not think)
 My wife is slippery? if thou wilt, confess,
 Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought; then say
 My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight: say't and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
 My present vengeance taken; 'shrew my heart,
 You never spoke what did become you less
 Than this, which to reiterate, were sin
 As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh? a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty? horsing foot on foot?
 Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
 Hours minutes? the noon midnight? and all eyes

The WINTER'S TALE. 13

Blind with the pin and web, but theirs ; theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ;
Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is ; you lye, you lye :
I say thou lye'st, *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both : were my wife's liver
Infected, as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her ?

Leo. Why he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, *Bohemia* ; who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bear eyes
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing : I, and thou
His cup-bearer, whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship, who may'st see
Plainly, as heav'n sees earth, and earth sees heav'n,
How I am gall'd, thou might'st be-spice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash portion,
But with a lingring dram, that should not work,
Maliciously, like poison : but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee.

Leo. Make that thy question, and go rot :
Do'st think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint my self in this vexation ?

14 *The WINTER'S TALE.*

Sully the purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps:
Give scandal to the blood o'th' prince, my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, Sir,
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all.
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

Cam. O miserable lady! but for me, [Exit.]
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master, one,
Who in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too. To do this deed
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed Kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy it self forswear't. I must
Forfake the court; to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now.
Here comes *Bohemia*.

The WINTER'S TALE. 15

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, *Camillo*.

Cam. Hail, most royal Sir.

Pol. What is the news i'th' court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he
Wasting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what his breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and
dare not?

Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabout:
For to your self, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
My self thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk,
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents noble names,
In whose success we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which does behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?

16 *The WINTER'S TALE.*

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, *Camillo*,
 I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
 Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
 Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
 What Incidency thou dost guess of harm
 Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near,
 Which way to be prevented, if to be;
 If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you,
 Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
 That I think honourable; therefore mark my counsel,
 Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as
 I mean to utter it; or both your self and me
 Cry lost, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay with all confidence he swears,
 As he had seen't, or been an instrument
 To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
 Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turn
 To an infected jelly, and my name
 Be yoak'd with his that did betray the best:
 Turn then my freshest reputation to
 A favour that may strike the dullest nostril
 Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,
 Nay hated too, worse than the great'st infection
 That e'er was heard, or read.

Cam. Swear his thought over
 By each particular star in heav'n, and
 By all their influences; you may as well
 Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
 As or by oath remove, or counsel shake
 The fabrick of his folly, whose foundation
 Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
 The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not; but I'm sure 'tis safer to
 Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.

If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
 That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
 Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night;
 Your followers I will whisper to the businests,
 And will by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
 Clear them o'th' city. For my self, I'll put
 My fortunes to your service, which are here
 By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain,
 For by the honour of my parents, I
 Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,
 I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
 Than one condemned by the King's own mouth:
 Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
 Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
 Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
 My people did expect my hence departure
 Two days ago. This jealousy
 Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,
 Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
 Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive
 He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
 Profess'd to him, why his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious Queen, part of his theam? but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion. Come, *Camillo*,
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
 The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
 To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

The SCENE Continues.

Enter Hermione, Mamillus, and Ladies.

HERMIONE.

Take the boy to you; he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

18 *The WINTER'S TALE.*

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still; I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now
What colour be your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 Lady. Hark ye,

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days, and then you'll wanton with us
If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk, good time encounter her.

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter,
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good Sir.

Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best,
To fright me with your sprights: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man——

Her. Nay, come sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard: I will tell it softly:
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with him?

The WINTER'S TALE. 19

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them ; never
Saw I men scow'r so on their way : I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I
In my just censure ! in my true opinion !
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd
In being so blest ! there may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink ; depart,
And yet partake no venom ; for his knowledge
Is not infected : but if one present
Th' abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pandar :
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
All's true that is mistrusted : that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will : how came the posterns
So easily open ?

Lord. By his great and ~~many~~
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well,
Give me the boy, I'm glad you did not nurse him :
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her ;
Away with him, and let her sport her self
With that she's big with : 'tis *Polixenes*
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not ;
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

Leo. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
To say she is a goodly lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add.
'Tis pity she's not honest : honourable :
Praise her but for this her without-door form,

Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
 The shrug, the hum, or ha, these petty-brands,
 That calumny doth use: oh I am out,
 That mercy does, for calumny will fear
 Virtue it self. These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
 When you have said she's goodly, come between
 Ere you can say she's honest: but be't known,
 From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
 She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
 The most replenish'd villain in the world,
 He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
 Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing,
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
 Left barbarism, making me the precedent,
 Should a like language use to all degrees,
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out
 Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said
 She's an adulteress, I have said with whom:
 More, she's a traitor, and *Camillo* is
 A federary with her, and one ~~that~~
 What she should shame to know her self,
 But with her most vile principal; that she's
 A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
 That vulgar give bold't titles; ay, and privy
 To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
 Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
 You thus have publish'd me? gentle my lord,
 You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
 You did mistake.

Leo. No, if I mistake
 In these foundations which I build upon,
 The center is not big enough to bear
 A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison:
 He who shall speak for her, is far off guilty
 But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns;
 I must be patient, 'till the heavens look

The W I N T E R ' S T A L E. 21

With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The King's will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your
highness

My women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women come, you've leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

Lord. 'Beseech your highness call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, lest your justice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your self, your Queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my lord,

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the Queen is spotless
I'th' eyes of heav'n, and to you, I mean
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her,
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my lord.

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for our selves:
You are abused by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,

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I would land-damn him : be she honour-flaw'd,
 I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
 The second, and the third, nine; and sons five;
 If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour
 I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they shall not see
 To bring false generations: they are co-heirs,
 And I had rather glib my self, than they
 Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease, no more:

You smell this business with a sense as cold
 As is a dead man's nose; I see't and feel't,
 As you feel doing thus; and see withal
 The Instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty,
 There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
 Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
 Upon this ground; and more it would content me
 To have your honour true, than your suspicion;
 Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why what need we

Commune with you for this? but rather follow
 Our forceful instigation? our prerogative
 Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
 Imparts this; which, if you, or stupified,
 Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not
 Relish a truth like us: inform your selves,
 We need no more of your advice; the matter,
 The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't
 Is properly all ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,

You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
 Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
 Or thou wert born a fool. *Camilla's* flight
 Added to their familiarity,
 (Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
 That lack'd fight only, nought for approbation
 But only seeing, all other circumstances

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Made up to th' deed) doth push on this proceeding ;
Yet for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this imporrance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo's* temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now, from the oracle
They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well ?

Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leo. Tho' I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know ; yet shall the oracle
Give rest to th' minds of others ; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So we have thought it good
From our free person, she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to speak in publick ; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, A PRISON.

Enter Paulina and a Gentleman.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him :

[*Exit Gent.*]

Let him have knowledge whom I am. Good lady,
No court in *Europe* is too good for thee ;
What dost thou then in prison : now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not ?

[*Re-enter Gentleman with the Goaler.*]

Goa. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then
Conduct me to the Queen.

Goa. I may not, madam,
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's a-do to lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors ! Is't lawful pray you
To see her women ? any of them ? *Emilia* ?

Goa. So please you, madam,
To put a-part these your attendants, I

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Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Paul. I pray you now call her:
Withdraw your selves.

Gen. And madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well; be it so pr'ythee.

Enter Emilia.

Here's such a-do to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath born greater,
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't. Says, my poor prisoner,
I'm innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous, unsafe lunes i'th' King! beshrew
them.

He must be told of it, and shall; the office
Becomes a woman best. I'll take't upon me,
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, *Emilia*,
Commend my best obedience to the Queen,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th' child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently

Acquaint

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But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Pau. Tell her, *Emilia*,
I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from't
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it.
I'll to the Queen: please you come something nearer.

Goa. Madam, if't please the Queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Pau. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of Queen.

Goa. I do believe it.

Pau. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [Exeunt.

SCENE; The PALACE.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *Lords and other Attendants.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest; it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; meer weakness, if
The cause were not in being; part o'th' cause,
She, the adulteress; for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord.

Leo. How does the boy?

Atten. He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;

Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
 And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely ; go,
 See how he fares. Fie, fie, no thought of him,
 The very thought of my revenges that way
 Recoil upon me ; in himself too mighty,
 And in his parties, his alliance ; let him be
 Until a time may serve. For present vengeance
 Take it on her. *Camillo and Polixenes*
 Laught at me, make their pastime at my sorrow ?
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
 Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina with a child.

Lord. You must not no enter.

Pau. Nay rather, good my lords, be second to me :
 Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
 Than the Queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul,
 More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-
 manded

None should come at him.

Pau. Not so hot, good Sir,
 I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you
 That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
 At each his needless heavings ; such as you
 Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
 Do come with words, as medicinal, as true ;
 Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
 That presses him from sleep,

Leo. What noise there, ho ?

Pau. No noise, my lord, but needful conference,
 About some gossips for your highness.

Leo. How ?

Away with that audacious lady. *Antigonus,*
 I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
 I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
 On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
 She should not visit you.

Leo. What ! can't not rule her ?

Pau. From all dishonesty he can ; in this,
 Unless he take the course that you have done,

Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo' you now, your hear,
When she will take the rein, I let her run,
But she'll not stumble.

Pau. Good my liege, I come——
And I beseech you hear me, who profess
My self your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor: you that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seems, yours. I say, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo. Good Queen?

Pau. Good Queen, my lord,
Good Queen, I say good Queen?
And would by combat make her good so, were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off,
But first, I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the child.

Leo. Out?

A mankind witch! hence with her out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd.

Pau. Not so,
I am as ignorant in that as you,
In so intit'ling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the bastard [To *Ant.*
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd; unrooted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say, give't to thy croan.

Pau. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't.

Leo. He dreads his wife.

Pau. So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children yours.

Leo. A nest of traytors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Pau. Nor I; nor any

But one that's here; and that's himself. For he,
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's
His hopeful son's, his babe's betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the swords; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or stone was found.

Leo. A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me. This brat is none of mine,
It is the issue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Pau. It is yours;

And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Arho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his smiles,
The very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

Leo. A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
Thou wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave your self
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Pau. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Pau. I care not;

It is an heretick that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accusation,
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something favours
Of tyranny. and will ignoble make you,
Yea scandalous to all the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Pau. I pray you do not push me, I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours; *Love* send her
A better guiding spirit. What need these hands?
You that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, nor one of you.
So, so: farewell, we are gone. [Exit.]

Leo. Thou, traytor, hast set on thy wife to this?
My child? away with't. Even thou that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word it is done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so:
The bastard-brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out: go take it to the fire,
For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:
The lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Lords. We can, my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You're lyars all.

Lords. 'Beseech your highness give us better credit.
We've always truly serv'd you, and beseech you
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg
(As recompence of our dear services
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel——

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
 Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father? better burn it now,
 Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:
 It shall not neither. You Sir, come you hither;
[To Antigonus.

You that have been so tenderly officious
 With lady *Margery*, your midwife there,
 To save this bastard's life; (for 'tis a bastard,
 So sure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure
 To save this brat's life;

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose: at least thus much;
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
 To save the innocent; any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible; swear by this sword
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it; see'st thou? for the fail
 Of any point in't shall not only be
 Death to thy self, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
 Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
 As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
 This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
 To some remote and desert place, quite out
 Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
 Without much mercy, to its own protection
 And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
 On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
 That thou commend it strangely to some place,
 Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this: tho' a present death
 Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe.
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
 To be thy nurses. Wolves and bears, they say,
 (Casting their savageness aside) have done
 Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
 In more than this deed does require; and blessing,
 Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
 Poor thing condemn'd to loss. [Exit with the child.

Leo. No; I'll not rear Ano-

Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to th' oracle, are come
An hour since. *Cleomines* and *Dion*
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Hasting to th' court.

Lord. So please you, Sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty three days
They have been absent: this good speed foretels
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you lords,
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open tryal. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

CLEOMINES.

TH E climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits.
Methinks I should so term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice:
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafning voice o' th' oracle,
Kin to *Jove's* thunder, so surpriz'd my sense
That I was nothing.

Dio. If th' event o' th' journey
Prove as successful to the Queen (O be't so)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy;
The time is worth the use on't.

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Cleo. Great *Apollo*,
Turn all to th' best! these proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dio. The violent Carriage of it
Will clear, or end the business, when the oracle,
Thus by *Apollo's* great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover: something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go; fresh horses,
And gracious be the issue. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, S I C I L Y.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers, *Hermione* as to her
trial, with *Paulina* and ladies.

Leo. This sessions, to our great grief, we pronounce
Ev'n pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd; let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the Queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offic. *Hermione*, Queen to the worthy *Leontes*, King
of *Sicilia*, thou art here accused and arraigned of high
treason, in committing adultery with *Polixenes* King of
Bohemia, and conspiring with *Camillo* to take away
the life of our sovereign lord the King, thy royal hus-
band; the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly
laid open, thou *Hermione*, contrary to the faith and
allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them
for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
Testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from my self, it shall scarce boot me
To say, not guilty: mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine

Behold

Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusations blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, tho' devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne: a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrant I
Have strain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave.

Leo. I ne'er heard yet
That any of those bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gain-say what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough,
Tho' 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of
What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as your self commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me.

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Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friends; whose love had
spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, tho' it be dish'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not;
My life stand in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your actions are my dreams.

You had a bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: as you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to it self,
No father owning it, (which is indeed
More criminal in thee than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;

The bug which you would fright me with I seek:
To me can life be no commodity,
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,
But, know not how it went. My second joy,
The first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast
(The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder; my self on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege deny'd which 'longs
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
I have got strength of limbs. And now, my liege,
Teli

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else.
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:

Apollo be my judge.

Enter Dion and Cleomines.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in *Apollo's* name, his oracle.

Her. The Emperor of *Russia* was my father,
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's tryal; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Officer. You here shall swear upon the sword of justice,
That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo's* priest; and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten, and the King shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.

Her. Praised.

Leo. Hast thou read the truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i' th' oracle;
The session shall proceed; this is meer falsehood.

Enter servant.

Ser. My lord the King, the King.

Leo. What is the business?

Ser.

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Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The prince your son, with meer conceit and fear
Of the Queen's speed, is gone.

Leo. How gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo's* angry, and the heav'ns themselves
Do strike at my injustice. How now there?

[*Her. faints.*]

Pau. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down
And see what death is doing.

Leo Take her hence;

Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt Paulina and ladies with Hermione.*]

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:

'Beseech you tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life. *Apollo*, pardon

My great prophaneness 'gainst thine oracle.

I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,

Now woo my Queen, recall the good *Camillo*

(Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy)

For being transported by my jeaioufies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,

But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied

My swift command; tho' I wish death, and with

Reward did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done; he (most humane,

And fill'd with honour) to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honour: how he glisters

Through my dark rust! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker!

Enter Paulina.

Pau. Woe the while:

O cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,

Break too.

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Pau. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?

burning

In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive? whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst. Thy tyranny
Together working with thy Jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine! O think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed; stark mad; for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good *Camillo's* honour,
To have him kill a King: poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish fire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer; but the last: O lords,
When I have said, cry woe, the Queen, the Queen,
The sweetest dearest creature's dead; and vengeance
for't

Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid.

Pau. I say she's dead: I'll swear't: if word or oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the Gods. 'But, O thou tyrant!
' Dost not repent these things, for they are heavier
' Than all thy woes can stir? therefore betake thee
' To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
' Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
' Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
' In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
' To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much, I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord.

Lord. Say no more ;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'th' boldness of your speech.

Pau. I am sorry for't.
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them
I do repent : alas, I've shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman ; he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's past help
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather
Let me be punish'd that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman
The love I bore your Queen——lo, fool again——
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children :
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and son,
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear unto
Our shame perpetual ; once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
To these sorrows. [Exeunt.

*Changes to Bohemia. A desert Country ; the Sea at a
little distance.*

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The desarts of *Bohemia* ?

Mar. Ay, my lord, and fear
We've landed in ill time : the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry.
And frown upon's.

Ant.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done; get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather:
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away,
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be so rid o'th' business.

[Exit.

Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o'th' dead
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever and ever, *Perdita*
I pry'thee call't. For this ungentle business
Put on thee, by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife *Paulina* more. And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my self, and thought
This was so, and no slumber: dreams are toys,
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King *Polixenes*, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth

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Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well,
[Laying down the child.]
 There lie, and there thy character: there these,
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty
 one,
 And still rest thine. The storm begins; poor wretch,
 That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I:
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel.
 The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw
 The heav'n's so dim by day. A savage clamour!
 Well may I get aboard: this is the chase,
 I am gone for ever. [Exit pursued by a bear.]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and
 three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the
 rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting
 wenches with child, wronging the ancients, stealing,
 fighting—hark you now—would any but these boild
 brains of nineteen and two and twenty hunt this wea-
 ther? They have scar'd away two of my best sheep,
 which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master;
 if any where I have them, 'tis by the seaside, brou-
 zing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will, what have
 we here? [Taking up the child.] Mercy on's, a barme!
 a very pretty barme! a boy or a child, I wonder! a
 pretty one, a very pretty one, sure some 'scape:
 tho' I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentle-
 woman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work,
 some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were
 warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll
 take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my son come: he
 hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hillos, loa.

Shep. What, art so near? if thou'lt see a thing to talk
 on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What
 ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land;
 but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the
sky;

sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore; but that's not to the point; oh the most piteous cry of the poor souls, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a c'rk into a hog'shead. And then the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it. But first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not winked since I saw these fights, the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half-dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her, there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thy self; thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a fight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; so; let's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling; open't; what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all gold.

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go

go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Clo. Marry will I, and you shall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

Enter Time. The Chorus.

T I M E.

I That please some, try all, both joy and terror
 Of good and bad, that make and unfold errors;
 Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
 To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
 To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
 O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
 Of that wide gap? since it is in my power
 To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
 To plant and o'er-whelm custom. Let me pass
 The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
 Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
 The times that brought them in, so shall I do
 To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
 The glistering of this present, as my tale
 Now seems to it, your patience this allowing,
 I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
 As you had slept between. *Leontes* leaving
 Th' effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
 That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be
 In fair *Bohemia*, and remember well,
 I mention here a son o'th' King's, whom *Florizel*
 I now name to you, and with speed so pace
 To speak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace

Equal

Equal with wondring. What of her ensues
I list not prophesie. But let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's
daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of time; of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now:
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may.

[Exit.]

Court of Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my master, hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now; the deed I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thy self, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot; to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country *Sicilia*, pr'ythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled King my brother, whose loss of his most precious Queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince *Florizel* my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince;
what

what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown : but I have (missingly) noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, *Camillo*, and with some care so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Country.*

Enter Autolicus singing.

When daffadils begin to peere

With hey the doxy over the dale,

Why then comes in the sweet o'th' year :

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,

With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing :

Doth set my pugging tooth an edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a King.

The lark with tirra lyra chaunts,

With hey, with hey the thrush and the jay :

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of service.

But

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*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear ?
The pale moon shines by night :
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go most right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linnen. My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being, as I am, litter'd under *Mercury*, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: with dte and drab, I purchas'd this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the high-way, beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see, every eleven weather tods, every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the sprindge hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? three pound of suggar, five pound of currants, rice ——— what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers; three-man song-men all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden-pies, mace ——— dates ——— none ——— that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o'th' sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I'th' name of me ———

Aut. Oh help me, help me: pluck but off these rags, and then death, death. ———

Clo.

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Clo. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathsomness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my mony and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a footman?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet Sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have mony, or any thing I want: offer me no mony, I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, Sir. I know this man well, he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server,

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a bailiff; then he compass a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue; some call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig; he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into his apparel.

Clo. Nor a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way, and that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you do now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good fac'd Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clo. Then farewell, I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrol'd, and my name put into the book of virtue.

S O N G.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a.

A merry heart goes all the-day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[Exit.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Does give a life, no shepherdes but *Flora*,
Peering in *April's* front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extreams it not becomes me:

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Oh pardon, that I name them : your high self,
 The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obscur'd
 With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
 Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
 In every mews have folly, and the feeders
 Digest it with a custom, I should blush
 To see you so attired; sworn I think,
 To shew my self a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
 When my good falcon made her flight a-cross
 Thy father's ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cause;
 To me the difference forges dread. your greatness
 Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble
 To think your father, by some accident,
 Should pass this way, as you did: oh the fates!
 How would he look to see his work, so noble,
 Vilely bound up! what would he say! or how
 Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts behold
 The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
 Nothing but jollity: the Gods themselves,
 Humbling their deities to love, have taken
 The shapes of beasts upon them. *Jupiter*
 Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
 A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
 Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble swain,
 As I seem now. Their transformations
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
 Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
 Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
 Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but dear Sir,
 Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
 Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' pow'r o' th' King.
 One of these two must be necessities,
 Which then will speak, that you must change this pur-
 pose,
 Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest *Perdita*,
 With these forc'd thoughts I prythee darken not
 The mirth o' th' feast; or I'll be thine, my fair,

Or not my father's. For I cannot be
 Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
 I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
 Tho' destiny say no. Be merry, gentle,
 Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
 That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
 Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
 Of celebration of that nuptial, which
 We two have sworn shall come.

Por. O lady fortune,
 Stand you auspicious.

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants ;
 with Polixenes and Camillo disguis'd.*

Flo. See, your guests approach ;
 Address your self to entertain them sprightly,
 And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter ; when my old wife liv'd, upon
 This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
 Both dame and servant ; welcom'd all, serv'd all ;
 Would sing her song, and dance her turn ; now here
 At upper end o'th' table, now i'th' middle ;
 On his shoulder, and his ; her face o' fire
 With labour ; and the thing she took to quench it
 She would to each one sip. You are retired,
 As if you were a feasted one, and not
 The hostess of the meeting ; pray you bid
 These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
 A way to make us better friends, more known.
 Come, quench your blushes, and present your self
 That which you are, mistress o'th' feast. Come on,
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
 As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sirs, welcome. [To Pol. and Cam.]

It is my father's will, I should take on me
 The hostessship o'th' day ; you're welcome, Sirs.
 Give me those flowers there, *Dorcas*. Reverend Sirs,
 For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep
 Seeming and favour all the winter long :
 Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
 And welcome to our shearing.

Pol. Shepherdess,
 A fair one are you, well you fit our ages

C

With

With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Nor yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'th' season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which in their pideness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be,
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so over that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes: you see, sweet Maid, we marry
A gentler scyon to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art it self is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more than were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well: and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram,
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out alas;
You'd be so lean, that blasts of *January*
Would blow you through and through. Now my
fairest friends,
I would I had some flowers o' th' spring, that might
Becom

Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours,
 That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
 Your maiden-heads growing : O *Proserpina*,
 For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
 From *Dis's* waggon ! daffadils,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of *March* with beauty ; violets dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of *Juno's* eyes,
 Or *Cytherea's* breath ; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright *Phœbus* in his strength, a malady
 Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and
 The crown-imperial ; lillies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-lis being one. O these I lack
 To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend
 To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What ? like a coarſe ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on,
 Not like a coarſe ; or if, not to be buried
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers,
 Methinks I play as I have ſeen them do
 In Whiſton pastorals : ſure this robe of mine
 Does change my diſpoſition.

Flo. What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, ſweet,
 I'd have you do it ever ; when you ſing,
 I'd have you buy and ſell ſo ; ſo give alms ;
 Pray ſo ; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
 To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
 A wave o'th' ſea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that ; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
 And own no other function. Each your doing,
 So ſingular in each particular,
 Crowns what you're doing in the preſent deeds,
 That all your acts are Queens.

Per. O *Doricles*,

Your praises are too large ; but that your youth
 And the true blood which peeps forth fairly through it,
 Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd,
 With wiſdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,
 You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. I think you have
 As little ſkill to fear, as I have purpoſe

To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray;
Your hand, my *Perdita*; so turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-ford; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than her self,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth she is
The Queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. *Mopsa* must be your mistress; marry garlick
to mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our man-
ners, come strike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Who dances with your daughter?

Shop. They call him *Doricles*, and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth; he says he loves my daughter,
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
think there is not half a kifs to chuse
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shop. So she does any thing, tho' I report it
That should be silent; if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the
door, you would never dance again after a tabor and
pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he sings
several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens ears grow
to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in;
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful mat-
ter

ter

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ter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry, (which is strange) with such delicate burthens of dildos and fapings: jump her and thump her: and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whop, do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, tho' they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns; why he sings 'em over, as they were gods and goddeffes; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus singing.

*Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber.
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poaking sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry: come buy.*

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou should'st take no mony of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-taling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my mony?

Aut. And indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some, I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty mony-bags at a burthen, and how she long'd to eat adders heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer.

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't; one mistress *Tale-porter*, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

The WINTER'S TALE. 55

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on *Wednesday* the fourscore of *April*, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices hands at it; and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man; there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part, you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

S O N G.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I must go.*

Where it fits not you to know.

Dor. *Whither?*

Mop. *O whither?*

Dor. *Whither?*

Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.*

Dor. *Me too, let me go thither:*

Mop. *Or thou goest to th' grange, or mill,*

Dor. *If to either thou dost ill.*

Aut. *Neither.*

Dor. *What neither?*

Aut. *Neither.*

Dor. *Thou hast sworn my love to be.*

Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*

Then whither goest? say whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by our selves; my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: pedlar, let's have the first choice; follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

*Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my deer-a?
Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head
Of the new'st. and fin'st, fin'st where-a?
Come to the pedler, mony's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a.*

[*Ex. Clown; Autolicus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves saltiers, and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th' mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away; we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: 'pray let's see these four-threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' square.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in, but quickly now.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O father, you'll know more of that hereafter. Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them, He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair shepherd, Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your last Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited For a reply at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo.

Flo. Old Sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are;
The gifts she looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient Sir, who it should seem
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian's* tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blait twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I've put you out,
But to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;

And friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't.
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be

I th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a-while; 'beseech you,
Have you a father?

Flo. I have; but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father

Is at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does nothing
But what he did, being childish?

Flo. No, good Sir;

He has his health, and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Should chuse himself a wife, but as good reason
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;

But for some other reasons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't:

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee let him.

Flo. No; he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son, he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,

[discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,

The WINTER'S TALE. 39

I'm sorry that by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou coap'ft with——

Shep. Oh my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than *Deucalion* off: mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [Exit]

Per. Even here undone:

I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?

[To Flor.]

I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why how now, father?

Speak e'er thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,

Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir, [To Flor.]
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me

Where

60 *The WINTER'S TALE.*

Where no priest shovels in dust. Oh cursed wretch!
[To Perdita.]
 That knew't this was the prince, and would't adventure

To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!
 If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
 To die when I desire. [Exit.]

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
 I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
 But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
 More straining on for plucking back; not following
 My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
 You know your father's temper: at this time
 He will allow no speech, which I do guess
 You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
 Will he endure your sight, as yet I fear;
 Then, 'till the fury of his highness settle,
 Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
 I think *Camillo*.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
 How often said, my dignity would last
 But 'till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
 The violation of my Faith, and then
 Let nature crush the sides o'th' earth together,
 And mar the seeds within. Lift up thy looks?
 From my succession wipe me, father, I
 Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy, if my reason
 Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
 If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
 Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
 I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo*,
 Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pomp that may
 Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
 The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
 In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath

To

To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me, (as in faith I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; let my self and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune to her need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, *Perdita*,
I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the fight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

[*Aside.*

Flo. Now, good *Camillo*,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i'th' love
That I have born your father.

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: 'tis my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the King,
And through him, what's nearest to him, which
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness, where you may

Enjoy

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 That I have born your father.

Flo. Very nobly
 Have you deserv'd: 'tis my father's musick
 To speak your deeds, not little of his care
 To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
 If you may please to think I love the King,
 And through him, what's nearest to him, which
 Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
 If your more ponderous and settled project
 May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
 I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
 As shall become your highness, where you may

Enjoy

Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see
 There's no disjunction to be made, but by
 (As heav'ns forefend) your ruin. Marry her,
 And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
 Your discontented father I'll strive to qualify,
 And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, *Camillo*,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?
 That I may call thee something more than man,
 And after that trust to thee?

Cam. Have you thought on
 A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:

But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
 Of what we wildly do, so we profess
 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
 Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:

This follows, if you will not change your purpose,
 But undergo this flight; make for *Sicilia*,
 And there present yourself, and your fair princess
 (For so I see she must be) 'fore *Leontes*;
 She shall be habited as it becomes
 The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
 His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
 As 'twere i'th' father's person; kisses the hands
 Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him,
 'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness: th'one
 He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
 Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,

What colour for my visitation shall I
 Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
 To greet him, and to give him comforts, Sir,
 The manner of your bearing towards him, with
 What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
 Things known betwixt us three I'll write you down,
 The which shall point you forth at every sitting.
 What you must say, that he shall not perceive,
 But that you have your father's bosom there,
 And speak his very heart.

Flo.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most certain,
To miseries enough : no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another :
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be : besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?
There shall not at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i'th' rear of our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this.
I'll b'ush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest *Perdita*——
But oh, the thorns we stand upon ! *Camillo*,
Preserver of my father, now of me ;
The medicine of our house ; how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* son,
Nor shall appear in *Sicily*——

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this : I think you know my fortunes,
Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, Sir,
That you may know you shall not want ; one word.
[*They talk aside.*]

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool honesty is ! and trust,
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have
fold

fold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shooe-tye, brace'et, horn-ring to keep my pack from fastning: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose Purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My good clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches song, that he would not stir his petticoes 'till he had both tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless, 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the King's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there, so soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flor. And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes*—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you:

All that you speak shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow,

Why shak'st thou so? fear not, man,

Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still: here's no body will steal that from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore discase thee instantly, (thou must think there's a necessity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the penny-worth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut.

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Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir; I know ye we'll enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee dispatch: the gentleman is half flea'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? I smell the trick on't.

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy
Come home to ye,) you must retire your self
Into some covert; take your sweet-heart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming, that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy ———

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me Son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:
Come lady, come: farewell my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the King
[*Aside.*]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review *Sicilia*; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us,
Thus we set on, *Camillo*, to th' sea side. [Ex. *Flor.* & *Per.*]

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. [Exit.]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is ne-
cessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also,
to smell out work for th' other senses, I see this is
the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an
ex-

exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside, here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now, there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely, puppies. [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this farthel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray hearily he be at the palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. How now, rustiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' palace, and it like your worship.

Aut.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir,

Aut. A lye; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lye, but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel, therefore they do not give us the lye.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your self with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, and like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will either push on, or push back thy business there, whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, and't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheasant cock, nor hen.

Aut. How blest'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomly.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there; what's i'th' farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel and box, which none must know but the King, and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace, he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, Sir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Cl. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are german to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which, tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Cl. Has the old man e'er a son, Sir; do you hear, and't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest, then stand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vita*, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims) shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly-rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the King; being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalf; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Cl. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn

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born bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember ston'd and flay'd alive.

Shep. And't please you, Sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Clo. Ay, Sir.

Aut. You'll give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, Sir; but tho' my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh that's the case of the shepherd's son; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we must to the King, and shew our strange sights; he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sifter, we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd, and remain, as he says, your pawn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you, walk before toward the seaside, go on the right hand, I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shep. and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth, I am courted now with a double occasion: gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to shoar them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious, for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: to him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*
ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E *Changes to Sicilia.**Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulin, and Servants.*

CLEOMINES.

SIr, you have done enough, and have perform'd
 A faint-like forrow; no fault could you make,
 Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down
 More penitence, than done trespass. At the last
 Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
 With them forgive your self.

Leo. Whilst I remember

Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
 My blemishes in them, and so still think of
 The wrong I did my self; which was so much
 That heir-less it hath made my kingdom, and
 Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
 Bred his hopes out of, true.

Pau. Too true, my lord,

If one by one you wedded all the world,
 Or from them all that are took something good,
 To make a perfect woman; she you kill'd
 Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?

She I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me
 Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
 Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
 Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
 You might have spoke a thousand things that would
 Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
 Your kindness better.

Pau. You are one of those
 Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
 You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
 Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
 What dangers (by his highness' fail of issue)
 May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
 Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,

Than

Than to rejoice the former Queen is well?
 What holier, than for royalty's repair,
 For present comfort, and for future good,
 To bless the bed of majesty again
 With a sweet fellow to't?

Pau. There is none worthy,
 (Respecting her that's gone;) besides, the Gods
 Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
 For has not the divine *Apollo* said,
 Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
 That King *Leontes* shall not have an heir,
 'Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
 As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,
 And come again to me; who, on my life,
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
 My lord should to the heav'ns be contrary,
 Oppose against their wills. Care not for issue,
 The crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*
 Left his to th' worthiest; so his successor
 Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
 Who hast the memory of *Hermione*
 I know in honour: O, that ever I
 Had squar'd me to thy counsel; then, even now
 I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
 Have taken treasure from her lips!

Pau. And left them
 More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
 No more such wives, therefore no wife; one worse
 And better us'd would make her fainted spirit
 Again possess her corps, and on this stage,
 (Where we offenders now appear) soul-vext,
 And begin, why to me?

Pau. Had she such power,
 She had just cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me
 To murder her I married.

Pau. I should so:
 Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
 Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
 You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
 Should

Shou'd rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Stars, stars,

And all eyes else, dead coals: fear thou no wife:
I'll have no wife, *Paulina*.

Pau. Will you swear

Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, *Paulina*, so be blest'd my spirit.

Pau. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Pau. Unless another,

As like *Hermione* as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam, pray have done.

Pau. Yet, if my lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuse you a Queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first Queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true *Paulina*,

We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us.

Pau. That

Shall be, when your first Queen's again in breath:
Never till then. *Enter a Servant.*

Ser. One that gives himself out prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his Princess (the
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness; his approach
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Ser. But few,

And those but mean.

Leo. His princess, say you, with him?

Sir. Yes; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Pau. Oh *Hermione*,

As every present time doth boast it self
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave

Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you your self
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme; she had not been,
Nor was she to be equall'd; thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once, 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you've seen a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin to sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make profelytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Pau. How! not women?

Ser. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man: men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, *Cleomines*;
Your self (assisted with your honour'd friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us. [Exit Cleo.]

Pau. Had our Prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not a full month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.
Your Mother was most true to wedlock, prince,
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your fair princess: Goddess, oh! alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You gracious couple do; and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too of your brave father, whom

(Tho' bearing misery) I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King, as friend
Can send his brother; and but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you, whom he loves,
He had me say so, more than all the scepters,
And those that bear them living.

Leo. Oh my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from *Libya*.

Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness; my best train
I have from your *Sicilian* shores dismiss'd,
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signify
Not only my Success in *Libya*, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here; you have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,

As he from heaven merits it, with you,
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
 Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble Sir,
 That which I shall report will bear no credit,
 Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
 Desires you to attach his son, who has
 His dignity and duty both cast off,
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
 A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*! speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
 I speak amazedly, and it becomes
 My marvel, and my message: to your court
 Whilst he was hasting, in the chase, it seems,
 Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
 The father of this seeming lady, and
 Her brother, having both their country quitted
 With this young prince.

Flo. *Camillo* has betray'd me,
 Whose honour and whose honesty 'till now
 Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;
 He's with the King your father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. *Camillo*, Sir, I spake with him, who now
 Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
 Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;
 Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
 With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh my poor father,
 The heav'n which sets spies on us, will not have
 Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
 The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
 The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
 Is this the daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
 When once she is my wife.

Leo

Leo. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry you have broken from his liking;
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up;
Though *Fortune*, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, Sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Pau. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look'd on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, Sir, were you present at this relation?

Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard
the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found
it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all
commanded out of the Chamber; only this, me-thought,
I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;
but the changes I perceived in the King and *Camillo*,
were very notes of admiration; they seem'd almost,
with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their
eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language
in their very gesture; they look'd as if they had heard
of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd; a notable
passion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wisest
beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not

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say if th' importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more: the news, *Rogero*.

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady *Paulina's* steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion; has the King found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione*; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding; and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, Oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks *Bohemia* forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many Kings reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What pray you became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse, tho' credit be asleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrackt the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But oh the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water, though not the fish, was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King, how attentiveness wounded his daughter, 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas*, I would fain say, bleed tears; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed; if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare *Italian* master, *Julio Romano*, who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape. He so near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day,

ever since the death of *Hermione*, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoycing?

Gent. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [Exeunt.]

Aut. Now, had not I the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune:

Shep. Come boy, I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these cloaths? say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lye; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born,

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister call'd my father, father, and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to

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give me your good report to the prince, my master.
Shep. 'Pry'thee son do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, and it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it, and I would thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes our kindred are going to see the Queen's picture. Come follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

Paulina's House.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Pau. What, sovereign Sir,
 I did not well, I meant well; all my services
 You have paid home. But that you have vouchsaf'd,
 With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
 Heirs of your Kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
 It is a surplus of your Grace which never
 My life may last to answer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,

We honour you with trouble; but we came
 To see the statue of our Queen. Your gallery
 Have we pass'd through, not without much content,
 In many singularities; but we saw not
 That which my daughter came to look upon,
 The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likenefs I do well believe
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death; behold, and say 'tis well.

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione
standing like a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder; but yet speak, first you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

Leo. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood;
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her.
I am ashamed; does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? oh royal piece;
There's magick in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience;
The statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry scarce any joy

Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd it self much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Pau. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,
I'd not have shew'd you it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Pau. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon, it move.

Leo. Let be, let be;
Would I were dead, but that methinks already—
What was he that did make it? see, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd; and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done!
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.

Pau. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leo. O sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Pau. I'm sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do *Paulina*;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still methinks.
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Pau. Good my lord forbear;
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll marr it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting; shall I draw the curtain?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by a looker on.

Pau.

Pau. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chappel, or resolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easie
To make her speak, as move.

Pau. It is requi'd
You do awake your faith, then all stand still;
And those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Pau. Musick; awake her: strike, [Musick.
'Tis time, descend; be stone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay come away,
Bequeath to death your dumbness; for from him
Dear life redeems you; you percieve she stirs,
[Hermione comes down.

Start not, her actions shall be holy, as
You hear my spell is lawful; do not shun her,
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand;
When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leo. Oh she's warm, [Embracing her.
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck,
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead?

Pau. That she is living,
Where it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Tho' yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing; turn good lady,

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Our *Perdita* is found.

[*Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Herm.*

Her. You Gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head; tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by *Paulina* that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
My self, to see the issue.

Pass. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together
You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one; I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, *Paulina!*

Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion: this your son-in-law,
And son unto the King, — whom heav'n's directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd. Haste! lead away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.